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Located on Third Street—L. & A. Depot. Richmond, Ky.

We gave satisfaction to our customers last season and feel that with that season's experience, we are better prepared and qualified to serve our customers.

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DIRECTORS.

Elzie C. Million, Elmer Deatherage,
T. J. Curtis, C. H. Vaught,
Marion Coy, Thos. J. Smith.

Gossip About People

A Brief Mention of the Comings and Goings by Those We Are Interested in.

Miss Dove Harris of Danville has been a visitor here.

Mrs. W. R. Cook and children are in Louisville visiting.

Miss Bessie Prather has returned from a visit in Richmond.

Mrs. Louis Landram of Danville has been visiting her mother.

Mr. Howard Hoing of Milwaukee Wis. is expected here on a visit.

Miss Annie Herndon has returned home after a visit in Louisville.

Miss Minnie Guley was in Richmond for several days visit to relatives.

Mr. Jim Stapp of Lexington was a visitor here Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Ruth Ray was hostess to a few of the junior set to luncheon Friday.

Miss Ozzie Young of Maysville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Coy of Kirksville are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Long.

Prof. Mit Elliott of Lexington was a pleasant visitor in Lancaster Tuesday.

The Misses Warren of Stanford are guests of their aunt Miss Jennie Duncan.

Mr. Robert and Cabel Arnold of Richmond were the guest last week of Allen Johnson.

Miss Mayme Stapp is the guest of Miss Ruth Ray and Mrs. J. S. Gilbert this week.

Mrs. C. D. Powell is at home from a visit to her sister Mrs. W. T. Short of Richmond.

Mrs. A. Howard Rice of Richmond Ind. is with her mother Mrs. H. A. B. Marksbury.

Misses Cecil and Jane Bowling of Bryantville have been guests of Miss Ruth Carrier.

Mrs. Taylor Rayney has been in Louisville to consult an oculist in regard to her eyes.

Miss Sallie Burdett and Miss Hays of Stanford, Ky. spent the day with Mrs. James Beazley last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dickerson and children were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Brown of Buckeye.

Mrs. Joe Arnold and daughter Miss Nell and grand daughters left last week to reside in Columbia South Carolina.

The Mary Walker Price Chapter of the U. D. C. will meet Monday afternoon Jan 8th. at the home of Mesdames Frisbie.

Miss Carrie Boulden of Nicholasville, has been visiting Miss Mayme Ballard and Mrs. Hogan Ballard at their home in the country.

Miss Florence Johnson entertained a few of her school mates during the Holidays with an old fashion Xmas dinner and games.

Miss Mayme Lee Ballard was hostess at a six o'clock dinner Thursday evening in honor of her guest Miss Boulden of Nicholasville.

Judge Lewis Walker and Mrs. Walker have returned from Martinsville Ind. and are receiving congratulations from their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson of Danville and Miss Center of Lexington were recent guests of Mrs. Rebecca West and daughters.

Mrs. B. F. Hudson entertained at a handsomely served dinner Christmas day in honor of her son Walter who was here from Denver Colo. for the holidays.

Miss Gertrude Wilkerson of Stanford Miss Elizabeth Vermillion of Danville and Miss Ada Westly of Liberty were guests of the Misses Wilkerson's the past week.

Miss Hallie Brown and Harry Anderson, Miss Shale Hilton and Frazier Hurt and Ira H. H. were recent guests of Miss B. F. Hudson of Nicholasville.

Miss Sophronia Fox is visiting friends near Covington.

Judge Homer W. Batson has been in Lancaster visiting.

Mrs. Carrie Davidson is visiting Mrs. Z. T. Kice of Richmond.

Mr. John Rout of Stanford was with Mrs. D. M. Lackey Monday.

Mrs. M. D. Hughes gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Carlton Elkin.

Mrs. Emma Kauffman is at home from a visit to Richmond friends.

Mrs. Mary Phillips of Lebanon is visiting Miss Marguerite Kinnaird.

Mrs. J. B. Paxton has returned to Stanford after a visit to her parents.

Mr. S. C. Denby is improving much to the gratification of his many friends.

Dr. Woods Ogilvie of Princeton has been with his sister, Mrs. Horace Herndon.

Mr. Stephen Walker Sr., is in the hospital at Lebanon for a surgical operation.

Mrs. H. D. Arnold has returned to Paris after a visit to her mother Mrs. Belle Austin.

Miss Florence Darnall has returned from spending Christmas with her parents at Maysville.

Mrs. M. K. Derry entertained at an elaborated 6 o'clock dinner at her home on Lexington street.

Mrs. John M. McDint gave a dainty dinner party in honor of the bride, Mrs. Carlton Elkin.

Mrs. James A. Beazley gave a six o'clock dinner in honor of Mrs. Howard Hoing of Milwaukee.

Miss Sue Shelby Mason left Monday for a visit to her sister Mrs. Ray Asa Haynes of Hillsboro Ohio.

Mrs. W. R. Gott and little daughter Leona, of Richmond were the guest of her sister Mr. L. N. Miller last week.

Mrs. Emma Bush and grand-daughter have returned to Richmond after a visit to Rev. O. P. Bush and Mrs. Bush.

Misses Emma Hughes Hays and Sallie Burdette of Stanford have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Beazley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rich have returned from a bridal sojourn in Louisville and were entertained by the bride's aunt Mrs. J. F. Holtzclaw.

Miss Ella Henry entertained at a 6 o'clock dinner in honor of Miss Hallie Brown and guest Miss Ella Thompson of Danville. The menu was served in courses.

Dr. R. L. Pontius left Friday for Martinsville Ind. where he hopes to gain relief for a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism with which he has been suffering.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society met Monday afternoon at the church with Mrs. F. P. Frisbie presiding and delivering an instructive and interesting address on "Mission Work in connection with Inauguration."

Misses Martha and Helen Gill entertained handsomely in honor of the young bride Mrs. Carlton Elkin. The pretty home was made quite attractive by Christmas decorations. A well appointed luncheon added to the enjoyment of the guests.

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If you really mean that you want to drive every bit of catarrh from your nose and throat why not try a sensible remedy that is guaranteed to banish catarrh, or money back.

If you already own a little hard rubber Hyomei inhaler you can buy a bottle of HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-me) for only 50 cents. If you do not own an inhaler ask for complete HYOMEI outfit which contains an inhaler, this will cost you \$1.00.

Then breathe the HYOMEI and get rid of catarrh, relief comes in five minutes a days treatment will make you happy, a week's treatment and snuffles, mucus and hawking go, another week and good-bye to catarrh. Try it to day.

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We tell you how, and pay best market price. We are dealers, established in 1865 and can do BETTER for you than any other commission merchant. Refer to any book in Louisville for weekly price list.

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YOU'LL FIND IT IN THIS COLUMN.

We handle everything in fruit and vegetables. Davidson & Doty.

Call 181, when you need anything in the Grocery or Meat line.

1-5-2t. Davidson & Doty.

FOR RENT—We want to rent the house we now occupy, also have some household and kitchen furniture for sale.

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Our meats can't be beat and are not equaled by any in town.

1-5-2t. Davidson & Doty.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Garrard and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.

Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Remember we want your trade; if we once get it, we will keep it, because you will be so well pleased with our goods that you will trade no where else.

1-5-2t. Davidson & Doty.

Notice Of Dissolution.

By the written consent of all of the stockholders of the Camp Nelson Lumber Company, a corporation, the said corporation will be dissolved. All parties having claims against same will present them to the undersigned for payment and all persons being indebted to said corporation are notified to settle.

Dec. 21st, 1911.

12-29-4t. Holman C. Giam, Pres.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

GARRARD CIRCUIT COURT.

Henry T. Idle and Others. Petitioners.

On Petition.

Persuant to a judgment of the Garrard Circuit Court, rendered in the above styled cause at its November Term 1911, the undersigned commissioner will on

MONDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1912,

this day being County Court day, between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 12 o'clock noon, sell at public outcry, in front of the Court House door in Lancaster, Ky., to the highest and best bidder the following real property, to wit:

This property is in Garrard County, Ky., about two miles from Lancaster, Ky., on the Buckeye and Lancaster turnpike road; beginning at a stone at the north post of a pair of bars in Aldridge's line; thence S 34 W 50 poles to a peach tree, corner to Doleys' on the south side of a small branch; thence S 70 E 82 poles to a stone, corner to same; thence S 62 E 80 poles to the corner of a drain in the Buckeye Turnpike road; thence N 42 E 8 poles to the center of the said road; thence N 30 E 43 78 poles to the center of same; thence N 69 W 86 poles to the beginning, containing 22 acres, more or less.

This is the same tract of land inherited by the petitioners from Jennie Idle and which was conveyed to Jennie Idle by George Leavell by deed dated February 12th, 1896 and recorded in the Garrard County Clerk's office in Deed Book 13, page 282.

The purpose of this sale is to divide the proceeds arising from the sale among the joint owners of the real estate described herein.

The tract of land will be sold as a whole and not by the acre.

TERMS—Said sale will be made on a credit of six months and the purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from date of sale, with a lien retained on the land to secure the payment of the purchase money; said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue if not paid at maturity.

W. H. BROWN

Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court.

J. W. Harlow Atty, Jan 22 1912.

Your Account IS DUE

Come in and Settle.

We NEED The Money.

We need it NOW not next week or next month, but NOW.

J. R. MOUNT, SON & CO.

DAVE, the
RED STAR
COAL Man
will sell Gal-
vonized Roof



the balance of December,
at \$3.00 per square for cash
Lancaster Lumber & M'fg Co.

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Dan W. Scott, Mgr.
R. L. Baker, Sec-Treas.

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Both Phones 964. Incorporated. LEXINGTON, KY.
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CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$30,000.

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W. O. RIGNEY, Asst. Cash'r. J. J. WALKER, JR., Book-keeper.

Business Solicited. Prompt Attention.

J. S. Johnson, B. F. Hudson, J. J. Walker, R. L. Baker, Sec. Treas.
Lewis La Walker, C. A. Arnold, Asst. Cashier.

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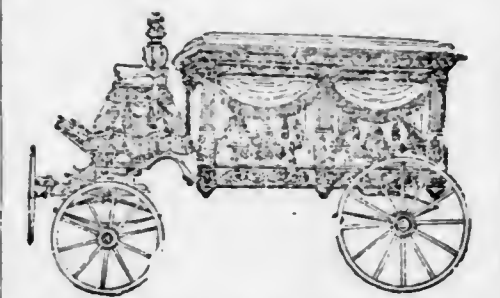
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H. F. Hillenmeyer & Sons.
Lexington, Kentucky.

The FLYING MERCURY

By
Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of
"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By
RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I.—The story opens on Long Island near New York City, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin Dick French is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car, which is run by a professional racer named Lestrage. The latter fixes up the French car and directs the French family how to proceed homeward, but seeing company, he, for the sake of a few dollars, for which the young lady is thankful.

CHAPTER II.—Ethan French has dislocated his son, who has disappeared. He is growing old and tells Emily that she is the only one of the family to whom he can leave his wealth. He informs her plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who would carry on the business. Dick is a good-natured, but irresponsible fellow.

CHAPTER III.

It was October when the consultation was held in the library of the old French house on the Hudson; December was very near on the sunny morning that Emily drove out to the factory and sought Bailey in his office.

"I wanted to talk with you," she explained, as that gentleman rose to receive her. "We have known each other for a long time, Mr. Bailey; ever since I came from the Sacred Heart to live with Uncle Ethan. That is a very long time."

"It's a matter of five or six years," agreed the charmed Bailey, contemplating her with affectionate pride in her prettiness and grace. "You used to drive out here with your pony and spend many an hour looking on and asking questions. You'll excuse me, Miss Emily, but there was many a man passed the whisper that you'd have made a fine master of the works."

She shook her head, folding her small gloved hands upon the edge of the desk at the opposite sides of which they were seated.

"At least I would have tried. I am quite sure I would have tried. But I am only a girl. I came to ask you something regarding that," she lifted her candid eyes to his, her soft color rising. "Do you know---have you ever met any men who cared and understood about such factories as this? Men who could take charge of a business, the manufacturing and racing and selling, like my uncle? I have a reason for asking."

"Sure thing," said Bailey, unexpectedly prompt. "I've met one man who knows how to run this factory better than I do, and I've been at it twelve years. And there he is---" he turned in his revolving chair and rolled up the shade covering the glass-paned door into the next room, "my manager, Lestrage."

The scene thus suddenly opened to the startled Emily was sufficiently matter-of-fact, yet not lacking in a certain sober animation of its own. Around a drafting table central in the bare, systematic disorder of the apartment beyond, three or four blue-shirted men were grouped, bending over a set of drawings, which Lestrage was explaining. Explaining with a vivid interest in his task that sparkled over his clear face; in a changing play of expression almost mesmeric in its command of attention. The men watched and listened intently; they themselves no common laborers, but the intelligent workmen who were to carry out the ideas here set forth. Wherever Lestrage had been, he was coastless and the sleeves of his suit shirt were rolled back, leaving bare the arms whose smooth symmetry revealed little of the racing driver's strength. His thick brown hair was rumpled into boyish waves and across his forehead a fine black streak wrote of recent personal encounter with things practical.

"Oh!" exclaimed Emily faintly. And after a moment, "Close the curtain, please."

None of the group in the next room had noticed the movement of the shade, absorbed in one another; any sound being muffled by the throb of adjacent machinery. Bailey obeyed the request, and leaned back in his chair.

"That's Darling Lestrage," he stated with satisfaction. "That's his own design for an oiling system he's busy with, and it's a beauty. He's entered for every big race coming this season, starting next week in Georgia, and meantime he oversees every department in every building as if he never was done before. The man for me, he is."

Emily made an unenthusiastic sign of agreement.

"I meant a very different man from Mr. Lestrage," she replied, her dignity altogether French. "I have no doubt that he is all you say, but I was thinking of another class. I meant---well, I meant a gentleman."

"Oh, you meant a gentleman," replied Bailey, surveying her oddly. "I didn't know, you see. No; I don't know any one like that."

"Thank you. Then I will go. I---it does not matter."

She did not go, however, but remained leaning on the arm of her chair in troubled reverie, her long lashes lowered. Bailey sat as quietly, watching her and waiting.

The murmur of voices came dully through the closed door, one, lighter and clearer in tone, most frequently rising above the roar pervading the whole building. It was not possible that Emily's glimpse of Lestrage across the glass should identify him absolutely with the man she had seen once in the flickering lights and shadows on the Long Island road. But he was not of a type easily forgotten, and she had been awakened to a doubting recognition.

Now, many little circumstances recurred to her; a strangeness in Dick's manner when the new manager was alluded to, the fact that her rescuer on that October night had been driving a racing car and had worn a racing costume; and lastly, when Bailey spoke of "Darling" Lestrage there had flashed across her mind the mechanic's ridiculous answer to the request to aid her chauffeur in changing a tire: "I'll do it for you, Darling."



Bending Over a Set of Drawings.

Emily she would never see Lestrage, never let him discover Miss French.

"I will go," she reiterated, rising impetuously.

The glass-paned door opened with unwelcome abruptness.

"I'll see Mr. Bailey," declared some one. "He'll know."

Helpless, Emily stood still, and straightway found herself looking directly into Lestrage's gray eyes as he halted on the threshold.

It was Bailey who upheld the moment, all unconsciously.

"Come in," he invited heartily. "Miss French, this is our manager, Mr. Lestrage; the man who's going to double our sales this year."

Emily moved, then straightened herself proudly, lifting her small head. Lestrage had recognized her, she felt; the call was to courage, not flight.

"I think I have already met Mr. Lestrage," she said composedly. "I am pleased to meet him again."

"Mer him!" cried Bailey. "Met him? Why?"

Neither heeded him. A gleaming surprise and warmth lit Lestrage's always brilliant face.

"Thank you," he answered her. "You are more than good to recall me. Miss French, I owe an apology for breaking in this way, but I fancied Mr. Bailey alone---and he spoils me."

"It is nothing; I was about to go," she turned to give Bailey her hand, smiling involuntarily in her relief.

With a glance, an inspection, Lestrage had stripped their former meeting of its embarrassment and unconventionality, how, she neither analyzed nor cared.

"Good morning," said Bailey. "Shall I take you through, or---"

But Lestrage was already holding open the door, with a bright unconcern as to his workmanlike costume which impressed Emily pleasantly. She wondered if Dick would have borne the situation as well, in the impossible event of his being found at work.

The two walked together down an aisle of the huge, machinery-crowded room, the grimy men lifting their heads to gaze after Emily as she passed. Once Lestrage paused to speak to a man who sat, notebook and pencil in hand, beside another who manipulated under a grinding wheel a delicate aluminum casting.

"Pardon," he apologized to Emily, who had lingered also. "Mathews would have let that go wrong in another moment. He," his smile glanced out, "he is not a Rupert at changing his tires, so to speak, but just a good chauffeur."

The guy and natural illusion delighted her. For the first time in her life Emily French laughed out in a genuine, mischievous sense of adventure.

"Yes? I wonder you could separate yourself from that Rupert to come here; he was a most bewildering person," she retorted.

"Separate from Rupert? Why, I would not think of racing a taxicab, as he would say, without Rupert beside me. He is here taking a post-graduate course in this type of car, in order to be up to his work when we go down to Georgia next week."

"Next week? You expect to win that race?"

"No. We are running a stock car against some heavy foreign racing machines; the chance of winning is slight. But I hope to outrun any other American car on the course, if nothing goes wrong."

She looked up.

"And if something does go wrong?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Pray be careful of those belts behind you, Miss French. Something does---there is a chance every game worth playing."

"A chance!" her feminine nerves recoiled from the implied consequences. "But only a chance, surely. You were never in an accident, never were hurt?"

Lestrage regarded her in surprise mingled with a dawning railleury infinitely indulgent.

"I had no accidents last season," he guardedly responded. "I've been quite lucky. At least Rupert and I play our game unhampered; there will be no broken hearts if we are picked up from under our car some day."

They had reached the door while he spoke; as he put his hand on the knob to open it, Emily saw a long zigzag scar running up the extended arm from wrist to elbow, a mute commentary on the conversation. In silence she passed out across the courtyard to where her red-wheeled car waited. But when Lestrage had put her in and given her the reins, she held out her hand to him with more gravity.

"I shall wish you good luck for next week," she said.

Lestrage threw back his head, drawing a quick breath; here in the strong sunlight he showed even younger than she had thought him, young with a primitive intensity of just being alive.

"Thank you. I would like---if it were possible---to win this race."

"This one, especially?"

"Yes, because it is the next step toward a purpose I have set myself, and which I shall accomplish if I live. Not that I will halt if this step fails, no, nor for a score of such failures, but I am anxious to go on and finish."

Up to Emily's face rushed the answering color and fire to his; drawn by the bond of mutual earnestness, she leaned nearer.

"You live to do something? So do I, so do I! And every one else plays."

However Lestrage would have replied, he was checked by the crash of the courtyard gate. Abruptly recalled to herself, Emily turned, to see Dick French coming toward them.

Remembering how the three had last met, the situation suggested strain. But to Emily's astonishment the young men exchanged friendly nods, although Dick flushed pink.

"Good morning, Lestrage," he greeted. "I've just come up from the city, Emily, and there wasn't any carage at the station, so when one of the testers told me you were here I came over to get a ride."

"I've been to see Mr. Bailey," she responded. "Get in."

As Dick climbed in beside her, she bent her head to Lestrage; if she had regretted her impulsive confidence, again the clear sanity and calm of the gray eyes she encountered established self-content.

When they were trotting down the road toward home, in the crisp air, Emily glanced at her cousin.

"I did not know you and Mr. Lestrage were so well acquainted," she remarked.

"I see him now and then," Dick answered uneasily. "He's too busy to want me bothering around him much. You---remembered him?"

"Yes."

He absently took the whip from its socket, flicking the horse with it as he spoke.

"It was awfully square of you, Emily, not to mention that night to Uncle Ethan. It wasn't like a girl at all. I made an idiot of myself, and you've never said anything to me about it since. I never told you where Lestrage took me, because I didn't like to talk of the thing. I'm really awfully fond of you, cousin."

"Yes, Dickie," she said patiently. "Well, Lestrage rubbed it in. Oh, he didn't say much. But he carried me down to where they were practicing for a road race. Such a jolly lot of fellows, like a bunch of kids; teasing and calling jokes back and forth at one another half the night until daybreak, everything raw and chilly. Busy, and their mechanics busy, and one after another swinging into his car and going off like a rocket. By the time Lestrage went off, I was as much stirred up as anybody. When he made a record circuit at seventy-seven miles an hour average, I was shouting over the rail like a good one. And then, while he was off again, a big blue car rolled in and its driver yelled that Lestrage had gone over on the Eastbury turn, and to send around the ambulance. It was like a nightmare; I sat down on a stone and felt sick."

"He---"

"He shook me up half an hour later, and stood laughing at me. 'Unset!' he said. 'No; we shed a tire and went off into a field, but it didn't hurt the machine, so we righted her and came in.' He was limping and bruised and scratched, but he was laughing, while a crowd of people were trying to shake

"This is the first time I've ever seen you so excited. That was all, but I've been excited ever since. He won the race next day, too."

"Dick didn't it ever occur to you that you as well as Mr. Lestrage might do real things?" she asked, after a moment.

"He turned his round, good-humored face to her in boundless amazement. 'I? I race cars and break my neck and call it fun, like Lestrage? You're laughing at me, Emily.'"

"No, no," in spite of herself the picture evoked brought her smile. "Not like that. But you might be interested in the business with Uncle Ethan. It would please uncle, how it would please him, if you did."

Dick stirred unhappily. "It would take a lot of grind," he objected. "I haven't the head for it, really. I'm not such an awfully bad lot, but I hate work. Let's not be serious, cousin. How pretty the frosty wind makes you look!"

Emily tightened the reins with a brief sigh of resignation.

"Never mind, Dickie. I---uncle will find a substitute. Things must go on somehow, I suppose, even if we do not like the way."

But the way loomed distasteful that morning as never before.

CONTINUED

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Every Household in Lancaster Should Know How To Resist It.

The brak may ache because the kidneys are blocked.

Help the kidneys with their work. The back will ache no more.

Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this.

It's the best proof, for it comes from Lancaster.

Mrs. J. W. Humphrey, Danville St., Lancaster, Ky., says: "My experience with Doan's Kidney Pills leads me to say that they live up to the claims made for them. I suffered a great deal from backache and could not sleep well. On several occasions my back became so painful and weak that I was unable to attend to my household. Being advised to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, I did so, procuring a supply at Frisbie's Drug Store. They helped me from the first and I was soon relieved."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name---Doan's and take no other.

1-m

Commissioner's Sale Of Personality,

GARRARD CIRCUIT COURT, Garr. Scott & Company, Plaintiff, VS.

Leslie T. Bradshaw, Defendant.

Pursuant to a judgement of the Garrard Circuit Court, rendered in the above styled cause at its November Term 1911, the undersigned commissioner will on

MONDAY, JANUARY, 22nd, 1912,

this day being County Court day, between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 12 o'clock noon, sell at public outcry, in front of Conn Brothers machine shop in the town of Lancaster, Ky., to the highest and best bidder the following personal property, to wit: One 18 horse-power double traction engine No. 14500, and such usual appurtenances as may be with the same, manufactured by Garr, Scott & Company, cab and two tanks.

The purpose of this sale is to satisfy a debt of the plaintiff Garr, Scott & Company against the defendant Leslie T. Bradshaw amounting debt and interest, to date of sale to the sum of Twenty one Hundred and eighty one dollars and eighty six cents (\$2,181.86) and the cost approximately one hundred and ten dollars and fifty five cents (\$110.55) of court proceedings, for which judgment has been rendered in the above styled action. The property will be sold as a whole.

TERMS---Said sale will be made on credit of six months and the purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, bearing interest at six per cent per annum from date of sale, with a lien retained upon the property sold to secure the payment of the purchase money, and said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue if not paid at maturity.

W. H. BROWN, Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court.

J. E. Robinson, C. C. Bagby, Attys.

The Rayo Lamp

The Lamp That Saves The Eyes

Children, naturally never think of possible strain on their eyesight when poring over a fascinating book.

It is up to you to see they do not ruin their young eyes these long evenings by reading under a poor light.

The Rayo Lamp is an insurance against eye troubles, alike for young and old.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp, but it is constructed on the soundest scientific principles, and there is not a better lamp made at any price.

It is easy on the eye because its light is so soft and white and widely diffused. And a Rayo Lamp never flickers.

Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewired. Solid brass throughout, with handsome nickel finish; also in many other styles and finishes.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)